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A BIRD OF PARADOX.

Pabst beer is always pure

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STATEMENT OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life, Accident and Employers' Liability Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.
PAID-UP CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00

JANUARY 1, 1901.	
Total Assets, (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included.)	\$30,861,030.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES (Including Reserves)	26,417,903.26
EXCESS SECURITY to Policy-holders, SURPLUS,	\$4,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders since 1864,	3,543,126.81
Paid to Policy-holders in 1900,	\$12,643,384.92
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life),	2,908,464.03
Life Insurance in Force,	1,686,652.20
109,019,851.00	
GAINS FOR THE YEAR 1900:	
IN ASSETS,	\$3,167,819.96
IN INSURANCE IN FORCE (Life Department Only),	8,685,297.06
INCREASE IN RESERVES (Both Depart., $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. basis)	2,484,392.52
PREMIUMS COLLECTED,	6,890,888.65

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary
EDWARD V. PRISTON, Superintendent of Agencies
SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-President
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Medical Director and Adjuster
HIRAM J. MESSENGER, Actuary

Guaranty Trust Co. of New York

NASSAU, CORNER CEDAR STREET.

LONDON OFFICES 33 LOMBARD ST., E. C. 60 ST. JAMES ST., S. W.

Capital \$2,000,000. Surplus \$4,000,000.

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ALL OUR STATEMENTS

made about our Whiskies (either American or Scotch) are absolutely true.
They are straight goods. A Gold Medal was awarded for quality to

OLD CROW RYE AT PARIS, 1900.

H. B. KIRK & CO., Sole Bottlers, N. Y.

Wedding Gifts

of Sterling Silver may be chosen at the ware-rooms of the **CORHAM COMPANY** to meet any possible requirement. In variety of design and latitude of prices their stock of complete

DINNER, DESSERT AND TEA SERVICES

will be found unequalled.

They are also showing a large number of exclusive single pieces especially made for this season.

THE GORHAM CO.

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BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET.

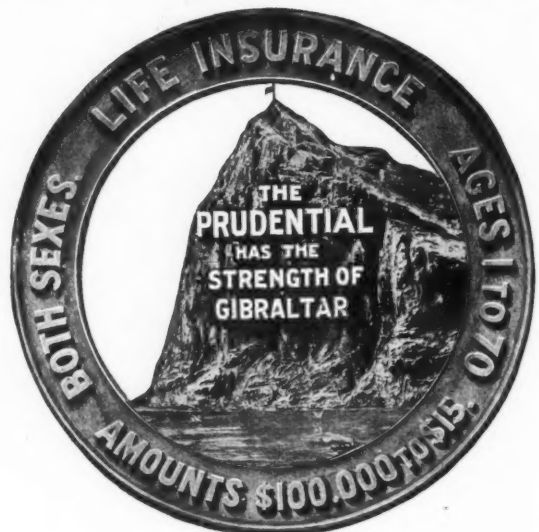
THE INCOME WHICH SUPPORTS

your family, pays your debts and educates your children depends entirely upon your brain and energy.

Is That Income Likely to Outlive YOU?

Life insurance makes it possible to protect your family IN THE FUTURE as well as the present.

The Prudential



Write for information. Dept. O.

The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

HOME OFFICE: Newark, N. J.

LIFE

At Matins.

PRETTY Miss Piety
Sat in her pew,
Clothed in sobriety—
Sable the hue.

Eyelids half sleeping,
Head held askance,
Eyes barely peeping—
Ripe for a glance.

What's the priest saying?
How can she tell?
Is she not praying
Fervently well?

Do her thoughts wander?
Libel her not;
See! she doth ponder
Her polygot.

Ended the service—
(Hers to St. Anne;
Ardent her verve is),
"Amen! and—a man."

FAIN'T purse ne'er won
fair lady.



MADE IN GERMANY.



She: WHY, THAT'S SOAPLEIGH OVER THERE IN THE BOX. I THOUGHT HE HAD CHANGED SINCE HE JOINED THE CHURCH.
"HE HAS, THE THINGS HE USED TO DO OPENLY HE NOW DOES ON THE SLY."

TO borrow money is human; to repay,
divine.

THERE are three masks for thought: Silence,
speech, frivolity.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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THE citizen who was lately arrested near Yonkers for violating the Sunday law by playing golf was found not guilty by a jury of his peers, who recommended that the Sunday law be amended. It seems a sensible verdict. It is absurd to arrest a man for playing golf on Sunday in a decent and unobtrusive manner. It may possibly be inexpedient in him to do it, but certainly it is still more inexpedient to prohibit any innocent and quiet Sunday amusement by law. If the Yonkers jury had criticised their fellow-citizen for wearing a red coat on the Lord's Day that would have been excusable, but they did well to acquit him.

Sunday is a very valuable day, about the use of which all sorts of people hold all sorts of opinions. The part of law in regulating Sunday occupations is to promote the welfare and happiness of the most people possible. The quiet of the day ought to be protected, because that is valuable. Baseball ought not to be played in a lot next to a church because that would bother the church-goers, and they are as much entitled to protection in their use of Sunday as any one else. But the world is big enough to hold all the Sunday occupations that are worth preserving and to keep them so separated that they won't clash.

The Sunday laws in most States were devised when public opinion about the use of Sunday was less liberal than it is at present, and consequently most of the Sunday laws need revision. What keeps them from being intolerable is that juries won't enforce them in cases where strict enforcement seems inequitable.



MR. LAWSON, of Boston, seems more solicitous to have fun with the New York Yacht Club than he is to have his boat meet the challenger. A number of first-rate Boston yachtsmen are associated with him in the management, though not in the ownership, of his boat, any one of whom would be acceptable to the New York Yacht Club as acting manager of the boat. But he seems to have tried to comply with the Yacht Club's requirements in the way that would give the Yacht Club the most dissatisfaction, and as yet, though he has succeeded in giving dissatisfaction, he has not put sugar enough on his pill to make it go down. That the Club shall have the power to say who shall defend the *America's* cup seems reasonable and proper. The job of defending the cup is so conspicuous that the reputation of the whole country for sportsmanship is concerned in it, and there ought to be somewhere the power to prevent an unfit person from undertaking it. Maybe the New York Yacht Club has discriminated improperly against Mr. Lawson, but the best informed men don't seem to think it has, and Mr. Lawson's proceedings during the last two months have not availed much to commend him to public sympathy.

Put the *Independence* in the name of Charles Adams, Mr. Lawson, and let us see how she can sail!



FOR some centuries past the Harvard Alumni have been used to have a dinner on the afternoon of Commencement, and to sit at table after it, and listen to speeches. Now it is proposed to abolish the dinner, and to have the speeches unqualified by food

or drink. The dinner is nothing as a dinner. That is admitted. It is cold meat, salads, ice cream and coffee. The big dining hall where it is held has come to be too small to hold all the graduates. That is undeniable, too. Still it seems that Harvard would be ill-advised to give up her Commencement dinner, perfunctory and crowded as it is. Even the sight of cold food is a good preliminary to discourse, and the coffee and tobacco which follow the Harvard cold dinner make the listeners more appreciative of spoken discourse. When you set a feast it makes an atmosphere that is conducive to good fellowship even though the fare be austere. When our brethren of the Christian churches meet to remember, they set a table with bread and wine. Our Harvard brothers will lose more in sentiment than they gain in room and comfort if they change the character of their Commencement feast. Let them keep their tables and cold victuals, and if the crowd is too big keep the newer graduates out.



IN this partly civilized age and city, it is proposed to erect on the flat-iron at Twenty-third Street, where Fifth Avenue and Broadway converge, an office building more than twenty stories high. The land has been bought at a great price, and the buyers propose to make their purchase profitable at any cost of damage to the sightliness of Madison Square. New York has no law that restricts the height of buildings, and there is nothing to hinder the consummation of this appalling purpose. Moreover, Madison Square is not a bad-looking place as it is, and ought to be one of the beauty spots of the city. It is grievous to think that its fair proportions are to be marred by this outlandish structure. In Boston they sometimes contrive to avoid such calamities, but here in New York the price of the land determines the height of the building, and we have to take what comes. All we can do is to hope it won't be as bad as we fear, and if it is, to look the other way.

But it is a pity.



REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR.—XI.

Some years after the events related, I heard the unwelcome news that the home was to be broken up, my mistress's uncle having long since passed away. She took a last, long look at me one evening, and taking the paper she had concealed behind my frame so many years before, gazed sadly at it for some time, and then replaced it with great tenderness. Many of the household belongings were sold privately, and I was purchased by a merchant who sent me South, where I was again sold at auction.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,107.88
N. H.....	5.00
Henrietta Crosman.....	48.20

\$2,161.08

AMONG the acknowledgments above will be found \$48.20 credited to Miss Henrietta Crosman. The money is what she has received from the sale of autographs, and is a testimonial to her deep interest in suffering children.

City Children.

WHEN the level sun is sinking
And all the world is still,
And gloaming falls and drowns
On every eastern hill,
When a single breath of coolness
Tells the closing of the day—
Then all the city children
Flock forth to shout and play.

Poor, little city children !
Shut in the stifling town,
Not for them the shadowed woodland,
Nor theirs the hay-field brown.
The cool, green sea-waves thunder
On many a summer shore—
Yet for them the days bring only
The city's dust and roar.

But see them when the twilight
Fills every roaring street :
There's a call of little voices
And a rush of little feet,
And a gust of happy laughter
Through all the surly town ;
For the children have their hour
When the twilight gathers down !

A. B. de Mille.



A MARVELOUS TONIC.



IN THE CITY.



THE Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge, by the Rev. Elwood Worcester, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, is a very simple, clear and readable exposition of the composite character of the first book of the Bible, pointing out its true literary and ethnological value and tracing its connections with other cosmogonical myths. The whole is carefully sugar-coated for semi-orthodox consumption. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$3.00.)

Æs Triplex, an essay by Robert Louis Stevenson upon the fear of death, is full of that author's cheery philosophy and a kind of optimistic pessimism which looks with a smile upon the unattractive truth. It is a

mighty good thing but is not recommended to nervous readers. (Charles Scribner's Sons. 50c.)

Mrs. Stepney Rawson's *A Lady of the Regency* is a story of Court life and intrigue in the latter years of the reign of George III. In style it also follows the fashion of that time, being of three-volume length and overloaded with detail. A good book for a long sea voyage. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Those who wish to read another *David Harum* will find *Your Uncle Lew*, by Charles Reginald Sherlock, very much to their taste. The authors, it appears, were friends, and it is possible that they used the same model.

At any rate the resemblance is marked. (Frederick A. Stokes Company.)

Five stories by Jerome K. Jerome, based upon information furnished him by a waiter of somewhat cosmopolitan experience, appear in a book called *Observations of Henry*. They are fairly good stories, though not equal to the author's earlier work. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

To beginners in outdoor sports, and especially to women beginners, an ounce of example is worth a pound of printed instructions. Where the ounce of example is unattainable, however, *The Woman's Book of Sports*, by J. Parmly Paret, may prove of some service. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.)

The Deuce of Hearts is a medley of detectives, perjury, kidnappings and murders; several bad melodramas booked into one. The author has not cared to let his name appear. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



REGENERATED.

Deacon Ross: SPESHAL PRAYER AM AXED FO' BRUDDER LONG WHO AM NOW IN JAIL FO' DE TENTH TIME, BEIN' COTCH FIGHTIN' HIS LOBIN' NABOR.

Parson Simms: DEN DE CONGRAGASHION WILL BOW IN PRAYER, AXIN' DE MARCY OB DE LAWD, SO DAT DIS BLACK SHEEP MOUGHT BE BOHN AGIN, AN' BOHN A GAL CHILE AT DAT!



AN exhibition of the drawings of Mr. F. G. Attwood has lately been held in Boston, and a number of letters, inspired by it, have appeared in some of the Boston papers. One quality in Attwood which this exhibition has impressed upon some of his contemporaries is his tenacity of political ideals. One writer speaks of him as the only man who has expressed the New England conscience in art. He felt strongly; and a stout adherence to principles regulated the workings of his mind and the expression he gave to them in his drawings. The great charm of his little pictures, and of his pictorial comedies, has also been noticed. The LIFE Publishing Company has published a book of his larger drawings

that appeared in this paper, and that at present seems to constitute the most considerable memorial of him and his work which is obtainable. The achievements of so much talent, such faithful industry, and a conscience so earnest both in ethics and in art, deserve not to be forgotten, and this Boston exhibition has been a gratifying token of appreciation nobly earned.

A Supreme Test.

FIRST BREWER: I am going to advertise this beer as being able to withstand all climates.

SECOND BREWER: Are you sure it's true?

"Yes, sir! I've kept a bottle of it in New York now for six weeks."

Among the Roses.

THE roses all seemed to me to nod and wink encouragement to me in my desperate enterprise as we stepped into the garden, whither I had persuaded her to take me, ostensibly out of a desire to see her roses, but really with a far dearer and momentous purpose—a purpose which set my pulses throbbing rapturously and my nerves tingling deliciously whenever I pictured it to myself as in process of accomplishment, and which, whenever I actually tried to execute it, involved me in inarticulate idiocy.

"If you will lend me your knife to cut the thorns off, I will get you a rose for your button-hole," she offered, generously.

It was my opportunity, the chance which I had pictured myself as improving with graceful and winning ease more



ANOTHER HOARY-HEADED IMPOSTOR.



NOT CANALS.

THE CHANGING LINES ON MARS EXPLAINED. A REVIEW ON THE ELYSIAN BATTLE-FIELDS.

than a million times, and the clammy chills at once began to creep and crinkle up and down my spine with horrific intensity. I had a hazy inspiration that now was the time to say, with thrilling meaning in my gaze, something about devoting the rest of my life to removing the thorns from hers. This, I felt dimly, would be

a grand introduction for the eloquent avowal I was determined to make then and there.

"Oh, of course—most happy—with the greatest pleasure," I gasped wildly, fumbling for my knife and words with which to utilize the inspiration. "I—I'd be the—the happiest man—the happiest man alive if—if—the



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He: IT SEEMS TO AMUSE YOU, WHEN I OFFER TO GIVE UP ALL MY DISSIPATION, IF YOU WILL ONLY MARRY ME.

She: YES. IT STRIKES ME AS FUNNY TO THINK OF YOUR DENYING YOURSELF THE ONLY THING THAT COULD POSSIBLY OCCUPY YOUR MIND.

happiest man alive if I could only cut you forever."

"Why, Mr. Muddleton!" she cried, laughingly.

"I mean it—that is, I don't mean it. I mean, I mean, that if—if I could only destroy you—that is, I don't want you to live—oh, thunder!" I stuttered, growing more and more confused.

Then the very extent of the disaster sobered me, and abandoning all attempts to improve the opportunity with high-flown and apposite sentiments, I got right down to facts, and begged, "Oh, Maud, don't you know what's the matter with me?"

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, while a delicious blush denied her words, "I should diagnose it that you suffered from homicidal dementia complicated by an attack of ephemeral aphasia."

For a long, long minute I stood mute and staring, while through and through my brain pulsated in burning waves the illuminating thought, "A wife with a vocabulary like that! A wife with a vocabulary like that!"

Then I turned and fled.

Alex. Ricketts.

WE regret that Mr. McCrackan's letter, while none too long in general interest, is too long for LIFE's limited space, and that certain omissions, for this reason, have been necessary.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

Dear Sir: My attention has been called to your editorial page of May 9th, containing references to the so-called Ellis case. I appreciate your evident desire to be fair to Christian Science, and not to allow rumors and prejudiced reports to affect your judgment. . . .

I find that most criticisms against Christian Science are based upon the general assumption that medicine is an exact science. If that be true, then, of course, there remains nothing to do but resort to it at once in case of illness. But, in point of fact, medicine is experimental, and its failures are buried by the thousands every day, six feet under ground, whereas a single failure of Christian Science is at once exploited by the press. Christian Science does not mean allowing the patient to drift along, nor is it merely a vague mental treatment. Christian Science is a definite system of therapeutics, based upon a definite Principle, and capable of definite results. It is not invariably applied with success, but it cures a much greater percentage of patients than medicine does, and it has the supreme merit of being positive and health giving in its action. . . .

Yours truly,

W. D. McCrackan.

NEW YORK, May 24th, 1901.

A Wide Experience.

"JENKINS has just written a book on 'How to Succeed,'"

"I wonder if it will be a success?"

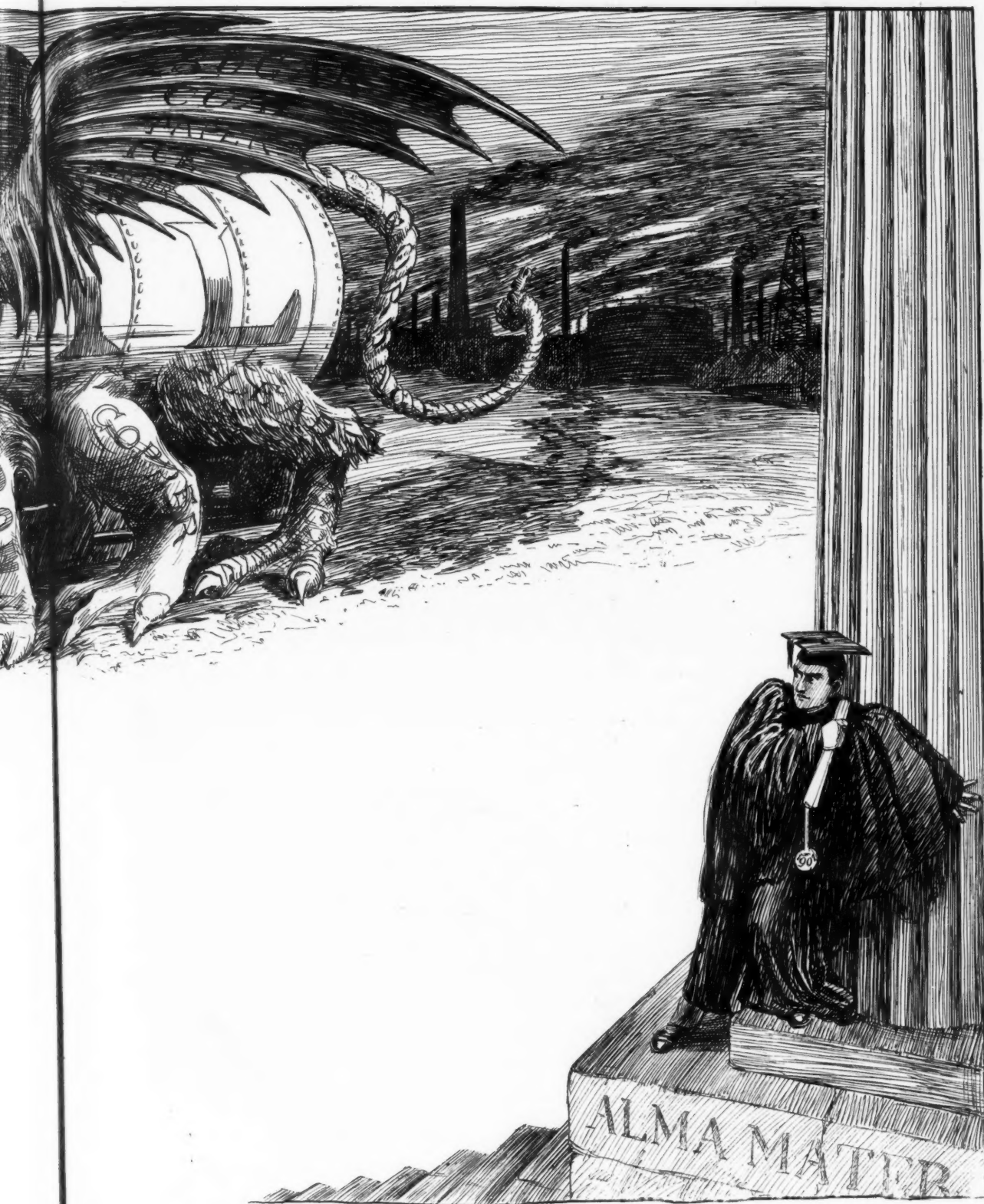
"It ought to be. Jenkins has failed at everything else."



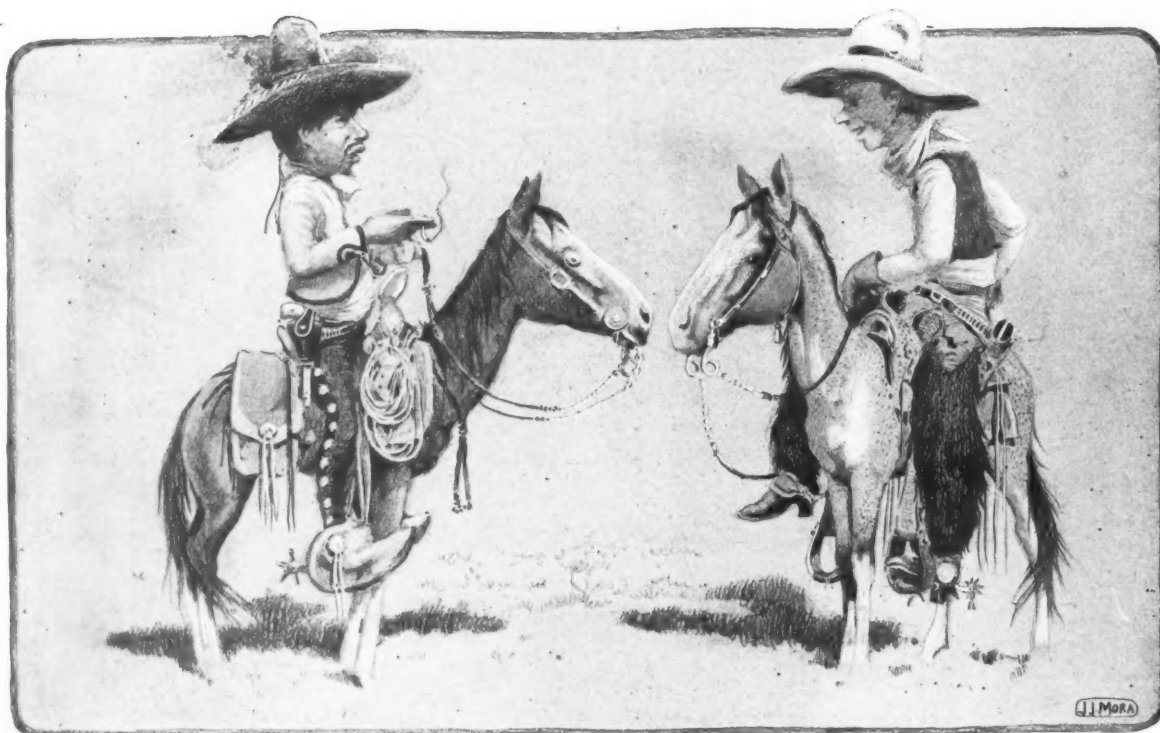
Charles H. Work 1901

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THE MODERN JAB
"COME ON, MY BOY, AND TRY TO"



THE MODERN JABBERWOCK.
"Y BOY, AND YET YOUR THEORIES UPON ME."



Don Ignacio Benito de Putque (who is hunting for his brother's strayed horse): EH TU, PUNCHER, OYE; YOU HAF SEEN BLACK STALLION PAWNY FOUR WHITE LEG JUST LIKE ME. SHE IS MY BROTHER.

Love's Calendar.

- Sunday.** MY lover comes to woo;
A day of passion and kisses.
- Monday.** I find naught else to do
But revel in my recent blisses.
- Tuesday.** I ponder on my sin,
Half-cherishing, half-regretting;
- Wednesday.** I promise to begin
To cast out passion and its fretting.
- Thursday.** The hours pass slowly by,
I feel a doubting, restless yearning;
- Friday.** I think that I should die,
Should aught prevent my love's returning.
- Saturday.** With vague alarms,
And mingled thrills of joy and sorrow,
I dream of love-encircling arms
And long, unceasing, for the morrow.

Rufus Cyrene MacDonald.

"DID you ever notice what a supercilious expression Upnose has?"

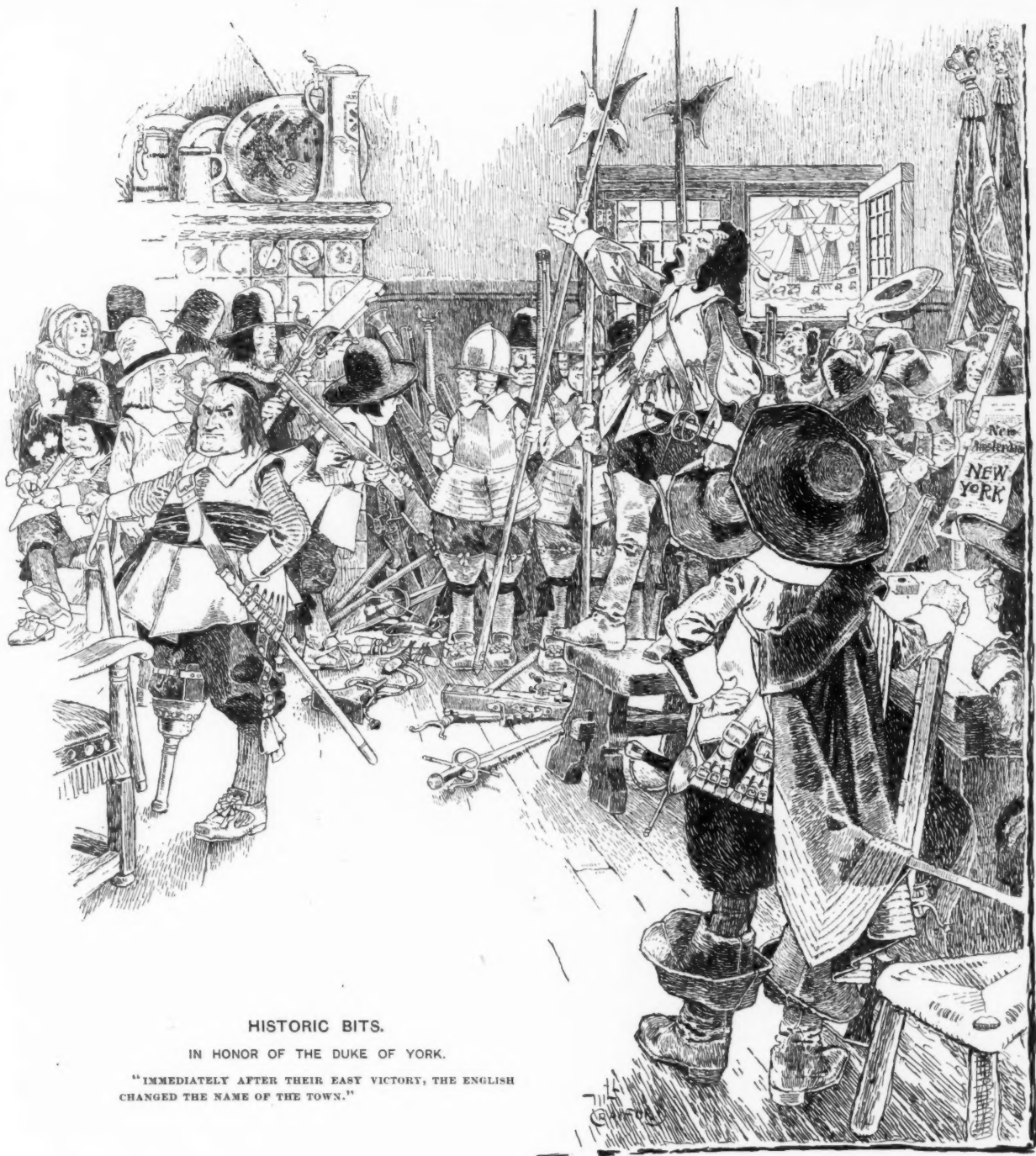
"Yes. He looks like a Chicago man visiting the Buffalo Exposition."

"CAN your wife keep a secret?"
"Yes, if she has a dozen or so of her friends to help her."



Mr. Bug: HEY! HURRY UP!

Fire Bug: OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'LL BE THERE NOW INSIDE OF TWO DAYS.



HISTORIC BITS.

IN HONOR OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

"IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR EASY VICTORY, THE ENGLISH
CHANGED THE NAME OF THE TOWN."

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson.

THE Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she left the Golden Gate,
With a thousand rookies sweatin' in her hold ;
An' the sergeants drove an' drilled 'em, an' the sun it
nearly killed 'em—
Till they learned to do whatever they were told.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she lay at Honolu',
An' the rookies went ashore an' roughed the town ;
So the sergeants they corralled 'em, an' with butt an' barrel
quelled 'em—

An' they limped aboard an' set to fryin' brown.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she steamed to-ward the south,
An' the rookies sweated mornin', noon an' night,
Till the lookout sighted land an' they cheered each grain o' sand—
For their blood was boilin' over for a fight.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she tied up at the dock,
An' each rookie lugged his gun an' kit ashore ;
An' a train it come an' took 'em where the tropic sun could
cook 'em—

An' the sergeants they could talk to them of war.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she had her bottom scraped,
For the first part of her labor it was done ;
An' the rookies chased the Tagals an' the Tagals they escaped—
An' the rookies set an' sweated in the sun.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she loafed around awhile,
An' the rookies they were soldier boys by now ;
For it don't take long to teach 'em—where the Tagal lead can
reach 'em—

All about the which, an' why, an' when, an' how.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she headed home again,
With a thousand heavy coffins in her hold ;
They were soldered up an' stencilled, they were numbered an'
blue-pencilled—

An' the rookies lay inside 'em stiff an' cold.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she reached the Golden Gate,
An' the derrick dumped her cargo on the shore ;
In a pyramid they piled it—an' her manifest they filed it
In a pigeon-hole with half a hundred more.



"SHE BROUGHT HER SEWING INTO THE SITTING-ROOM."

THE NATURALIST WHO HAD IDEAS.



"HERE'S MY MEAT, AND NOTHING BUT A CORK HELMET AND AN UMBRELLA TO PROTECT HIMSELF WITH."



The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she travels up an' down,
A-haulin' rookies to an' from the war ;
Outward-bound they sweat in khaki, homeward-bound they come
in lead—

An' they wonder what they've got to do it for.

The Transport Gen'ral Ferguson, she's owned by Uncle Sam,
An' maybe Uncle Sam could tell 'em why ;
But he don't—an' so she takes 'em out to fight an' sweat an' swear
An' brings 'em home for plantin' when they die.



He: I DIDN'T PASS AN EASY MOMENT UNTIL I TOLD YOU HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU.
"NOR I."



DREAMERS.

HE.
If I were Pierpont Morgan
And you were Hetty Green
We'd corner all the bowers,
We'd make the sunshine ours
And I would crown you queen
Upon a throne of flowers,
If I were Pierpont Morgan
And you were Hetty Green.

SHE.
If you were Pierpont Morgan
And I were Hetty Green,
In dismal days and sunny
We'd just keep making money
And stacking it between
Our happy selves, my honey,
If you were Pierpont Morgan
And I were Hetty Green.

—Chicago Record Herald.

A RAILROAD ATTORNEY just back in Washington from the South went to South Carolina on the same train with Senator Tillman and Mrs. Tillman a few days ago. "We had seats in a parlor-car," said the attorney, "and were comfortable if not luxurious. I knew Tillman to be such an outspoken advocate of the 'plain people' that I was surprised, but I decided that he had come to the conclusion, after serving six years in Washington, that parlor-cars were not against the principles of true Democracy. However, I found that that was not the case, for when the train reached the South Carolina line Senator Tillman and his wife gathered up their belongings and moved forward to a plain, ordinary day-coach. They were too wise to ride through their own State in an expensive upholstered car."—Argonaut

A CERTAIN member of Parliament was walking through the city some time back when he perceived, just ahead of him, an acquaintance, whose handkerchief was sticking half out of his pocket.

Seized with a brilliant idea, he quickened his pace and, stepping up just behind his friend, withdrew the handkerchief altogether without the owner being in the least aware of what had taken place.

He was just about to address him and call his attention to what he had done when he felt a tap on the arm, and, half-turning, confronted a quiet, gentleman-like looking man, who returned to the M.P. his own purse, handkerchief, and a bunch of keys, at the same time saying:

"I beg your pardon; I didn't know you were one of us!"
—Exchange

THE cross-examiner was a smart man, whose object was to disconcert the witness and discredit his testimony.

"What did you say your name was?" was the first question.

"Michael Doherty."

"Michael Doherty, eh? Now, Doherty, answer this question carefully. Are you a married man?"

"O! think so. O! was married."

"So you think because you got married that you are a married man, do you? Now, tell me whom you married."

"Who O! married? I married a woman."

"Now, don't you know better than to trifle with the court? Of course you married a woman; did you ever hear of any one marrying a man?"

"Yes, mol sister did."—London Spare Moments

THE correspondence was brief, but to the point. The letter she received was as follows:

"Dear Madam: I take pleasure in shipping to your address a rug valued at fifty dollars, for which I shall be glad

to receive your check. If you do not desire the rug, please return it."

"The idea!" she exclaimed. "I never knew such impertinence."

Then she sat down and wrote the following:

"Dear Sir: I have ordered no rug from your establishment, and I see no reason why I should go to the expense of returning that which I do not want, and which was sent to me unsolicited."

To this she received the following answer in due time:

"Dear Madam: I will send for the unsolicited rug, and I trust you will do me the favor to send for the unsolicited charity entertainment tickets which now lie, with about twenty-eight others, on my desk."

"The discourteous boor!" she exclaimed.

"Evidently," he soliloquized, "there are methods of procedure that cannot be successfully applied to business."

—St. Paul Trade Journal.

"I AM satisfied now that I have made a professional blunder in your case," the physician said, noting the symptoms of his patient.

"A blunder, doctor? Don't I seem to be improving fast enough?"

"You are improving too fast. Your malady had begun to interest me exceedingly, and I wanted to see what it would develop into if allowed to run, but I stupidly gave you a prescription that has knocked it entirely out of your system."

—Chicago Tribune.

"He seems quite celebrated as an author, and yet he has written very little."

"Yes, for, you see, pretty much everything he does is silly enough to afford material for a literary anecdote."

—Detroit Journal.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

**WILSON
WHISKEY.**

That's All!

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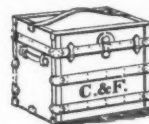
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In very few fields does the opening of the twentieth century find greater advancement than in that of railway equipment. Every safety device that skill can devise is applied to the practical operation of the railroads, and the passengers are surrounded by every convenience and luxury.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was the first railroad company in the country to provide its patrons with the luxurious accommodations supplied by limited trains, and keeping pace with these provisions for those who cared to pay for exclusiveness, the ordinary day coach has been improved in proportion. Years ago the standard coach of the Pennsylvania was the model of the car-builders. The new vestibuled coaches of to-day are as far superior, in all that makes for comfort, to those of a quarter of a century ago as the splendid Pullmans of President McKinley's Transcontinental Special are to their predecessors of a like period.

The new standard coaches of the Pennsylvania Railroad are the best examples of American car building. In their design and construction no expense has been spared. The cars are fifty-three feet eight inches in length, and are fitted with wide vestibules. The platforms are strongly constructed, and the couplers are of the most approved type.

The interior is finished in quartered oak, and the ornamentation is classed as Romanesque. The light-colored wood with its handsomely finished surface lends a brightness which is intensified by the high pitch of the roof and the width of the upper deck. The headlining, a soft shade of green, conforms well to the general scheme of color.

Saloons are introduced at both ends of the cars, in which there are the usual toilet conveniences. These saloons are partitioned from the body of the car by bulkheads ornamented with panels, heavy green glass, and brass grilles. All the brass work is artistic, and the shades of the deck tile, plush and carpets harmonize with the general decorative effect.

The seats are of a new pattern; their upholstery is rich in material and color, and the system of springs on which they are built adds greatly to their comfort.

The windows are of ample dimensions, and are provided with curtains of a reddish-brown material, of a design especially selected for these cars. The movement of the curtains is controlled by fixtures which permit them to be raised to any desired height. The windows, fitted with special fixtures, are so carefully balanced as to be raised by a simple mechanism fixed to the sill. When this mechanism is pressed lightly with the finger, the sash rises, and stops at any point desired by the passenger.

The system of lighting is compressed gas. From five to six handsome lamps introduced in the body of each car, and one in each vestibule, give an abundance of light, and render the car very attractive at night.

One of the greatest of modern improvements that has been introduced is the system of heating and ventilation. The source of heat is steam from the locomotive. Steam is carried into each car, passing through radiators, and the condensation returned to the tender of the locomotive by means of a vacuum pump. This system permits of perfect regulation of temperature, and by easy manipulation prevents the extremes that are so annoying to passengers. The improvement in ventilation consists in a radical change from past practice, which drew the cold air through ventilators located in the roof of the car and distributed it on the heads of passengers. With this system the usual sash in the upper part of the car is never opened. The cold air is admitted through pipes located at each end of the car, and passed through the radiator boxes, which are located near the floor, being heated in its passage before entering the car. This system, therefore, obviates the discomfort of draughts, and insures at all times perfect ventilation. The vitiated air escapes by natural means through ventilators placed in the roof.

The exterior finish of the car is of the usual Pennsylvania Railroad standard. The outside panels are broad, and handsomely painted with Tuscan red; all lettering and decorations being finished in gold.

The trucks are equipped with wheels thirty-six inches in diameter, mounted on steel axles with journals of ample dimensions, which add to their strength and safety.

The arrangement of brakes has been carefully designed, so that the braking power is thoroughly efficient in controlling the stoppage of the car without any unpleasant sensations to the passengers. Sixty-three passengers may find comfortable seats in each of these modern coaches.

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SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at his office, No. 280 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Monday the 17th Day of June, 1901,

at 2 o'clock P. M. for the whole or a part of the following described Registered Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, to wit:

\$1,500,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD.

Principal payable November 1, 1948.

\$500,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ACQUIRING LANDS FOR THE SOUTH THIRD AVENUE APPROACH TO THE BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER AT THIRD AVENUE.

Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$27,125 90 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR RE-

PLENISHING THE FUND FOR STREET AND PARK OPENINGS. Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$200,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR ARMORIES AND SITES THEREFOR. Principal payable November 1, 1941.

\$30,000 00 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BRIDGE OVER THE MOTT HAVEN CANAL AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET.

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A Deposit of TWO PER CENT. (in money or certified check on a National or State Bank in the City of New York) required.

For fuller information see CITY RECORD. Copies to be procured at No. 2 City Hall.

BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE
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MR. SMITH: I can't say that you were scared, but for a man who has been trying to get to heaven all these years you appeared most reluctant to accept the opportunity.

—Harper's Bazar.

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One difference that suggests itself is that, whereas Elijah was fed by the ravens, Dowle is fed by the gulls.

—New York Herald.

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SNUFFS: I beg leave to differ.

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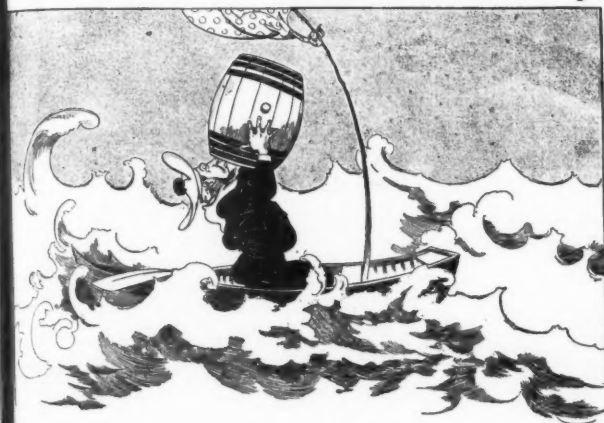
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